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In Memoriam
IRA PETTIBONE.

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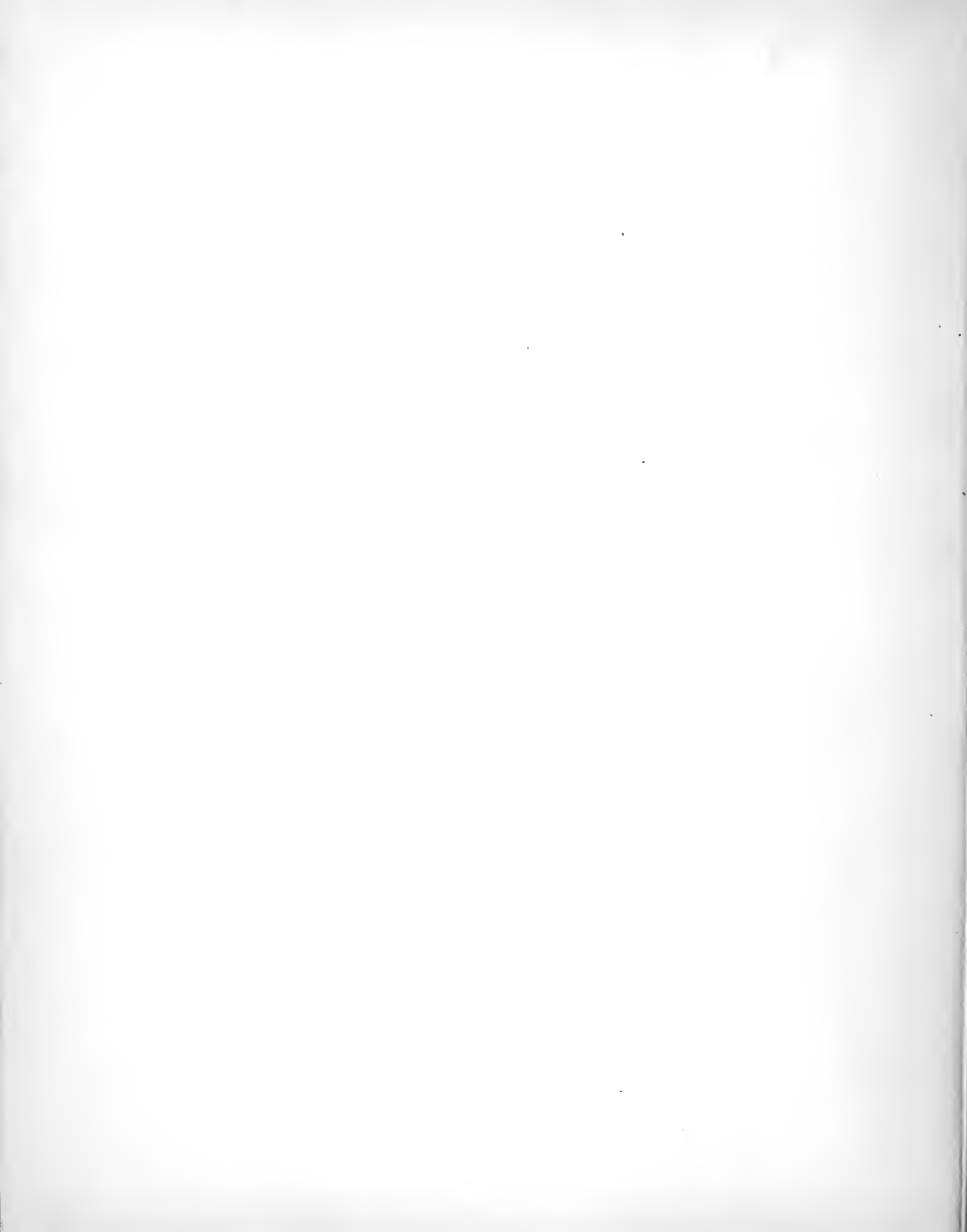
August. 1889



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IRA PETTIBONE.
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BORN, ORWELL, VT., SEPTEMBER 7, 1801.

DIED, WINCHESTER, CONN., JUNE 11, 1889.





Sermon

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

REV. IRA PETTIBONE,

BY

REV. ARTHUR GOODENOUGH,

AT THE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WINCHESTER, CONN.

Friday, June 14, 1889.

“He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne, as I also overcame, and sat down with my Father in his throne.”
—*Rev. 3, 21.*

He in honor of whom we meet to-day was a worker, and a fighter; a faithful servant of God, willing to toil, to bear the burden and heat of the day; a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, ready to do battle for righteousness and endure hardness unto the end. The war between good and evil is not ended, the Lord's work in this world is not done, but our brother's campaign is over, and he has been called home to the honor and reward of victory.

The note which sounds through this memorial service must be given us from above and not from below. It is a note of joy and triumph for one who has overcome, not of regret and unavailing sorrow.

Rev. Ira Pettibone was born in Orwell, Vt., September 7, 1801, of Connecticut parentage. His father and mother were residents of Norfolk until after their marriage. A few months after his birth the family went as pioneer settlers to Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. He united with the Congregational Church in that place at the age of seventeen years. During several years given to farm work and such study as was possible to him, the purpose to become a minister of the gospel was formed and grew to ripeness. He first studied at Bangor Theological Seminary and afterward in Middlebury College in Vermont, where he was graduated in 1828. Having been informed by his physicians that his lungs were in such condition that it would be impossible for him ever to become a public speaker, he spent the next five years in teaching, but continuing theological study as he found time and opportunity for it.

October 4, 1830, he was married to Miss Louisa P. Welch of Norfolk, who belonged to a Connecticut family known far and near in the annals of the medical profession. She was spared to be his efficient helper for nearly thirty-five years, going on before, April 8, 1865.

He was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Whitesboro, N. Y. A revival attended his labors there, and many were added to the Church ; but discords arising in consequence of the anti-slavery excitement of the times, he resigned his pastorate to accept the call of the Presbyterian Church at New York Mills, only a mile and a half from Whitesboro. This Church was in pronounced sympathy with his anti-slavery views, and was greatly prospered during his ministry of a little more than nine years. In that period he received 259 persons to membership. He was dismissed June 23, 1845, on account of failing health, especially a chronic disease of the throat, which, for several months, rendered him entirely unable to preach. After rest and recovery he took up his work again in Winsted, Conn., where he was installed June 3, 1846, and remained until 1853. He next spent four years

as a teacher in Cornwall, also supplying the pulpit in that place for a considerable part of the time. He was installed as pastor of the Church in Winchester, October 21, 1857, and was formally dismissed in December, 1867, but by permission of the Church he had already been working for about two years at Savannah, Ga., organizing missionary and educational work among the Freedmen, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. After his return from the South, he was pastor at West Stafford in this state until 1873. After that time he held no pastorate, but for several years did much effective ministerial work. It is a source of great gratification to the Church in this place, and especially to its pastor, that the home of his declining years was chosen among us. Having been ordained as a Presbyterian minister, he continued during his varied pastorate to act on the theory of the Presbyterian Church, that an ordained minister is a member of the Church at large, and does not need to unite with the local Churches to which he ministers. After his retirement from the active work of the ministry, he obtained a letter of recommendation from the Church with

which he united seventy years ago, and became a member with us,—an act which we were glad to consider as an indication of his special regard for the interests of this community.

As a church member and parishioner, he heartily and faithfully fulfilled his duties, and was another standing refutation of the slander that retired ministers make unpleasant parishioners, —a statement continually refuted by the facts in the case, and as continually re-stated as if there were some foundation for it. Mr. Pettibone was the third retired minister to whom I have had the privilege of preaching, and I wish I could have a few more of the same kind to sit under my ministry. I have made but slight reference to one very important part of his work. He was eminently successful as a teacher, for several years devoting himself mainly to this work, and at other times carrying on a large school side by side with his services as preacher or pastor. Speaking in round numbers, about twenty years were given to the management of schools, and about forty to preaching.

In undertaking to speak to you briefly of his chief characteristics as preacher, teacher, and

man, I am fortunate in being able to refer to a historical sermon, preached at New York Mills, which speaks of his early ministry. The testimony given by one of his successors in that pastorate is as follows: "He preached faithfully upon the three subjects of anti-slavery, temperance, and the observance of the Sabbath. He both wrote and extemporized his sermons. His custom was to preach three times on the Sabbath, and deliver three lectures during the week." "He is remembered as a very earnest, careful and conscientious preacher and revivalist, but not specially given to doctrine. He was a man of fine sympathetic feeling, sincere, practical, popular, and much beloved by the people. He was always punctual to the minute." Those of us who knew him in later years will not doubt the truthfulness of any of these statements. He was as positive in his convictions, and as outspoken in his statements in regard to other moral and social questions as in respect to temperance, the abolition of slavery, and Sabbath observance. He took strong ground against dancing and card-playing. He was a strong, vigorous man, whose qualities were essen-

tially executive. His special characteristic was a strong will, which was inflexible, and committed with unwavering purpose to the side of conscience and righteousness. With singleness of aim, his whole force was directed to the accomplishment of a definite purpose, and his teaching or preaching could not fail to be effective. Some may doubt the statement that he was "not specially given to doctrine." For the most part, he accepted the Westminster Catechism, in which he was brought up ; but, if I rightly understand him, doctrine was simply an instrument to be used for the accomplishment of desired results in character. He looked upon the gospel as intended to produce certain results in the individual life or upon organized society ; and in his preaching he aimed at these results. If the preaching of any doctrine seemed to him effective for his purpose, he preached the doctrine. If scripture could be used with effect, he used it. If doctrines generally believed were of no present use for his purpose, he accepted them reverently, but left them for the most part unnoticed. If any doctrines really seemed to stand in the way of the effectiveness of his ministry, he had no hesita-

tion in modifying or discarding them; but merely speculative improvements in theology were his abhorrence. Doctrines were tools to work with, not something to occupy the mind in leisure hours.

He was an earnest worker in behalf of righteousness, and a fighter against every form of iniquity. In his thinking and his acting he was positive, undoubting and uncompromising, not given to hair-splitting or philosophizing. He did not, like so many in our times, weaken the effectiveness of his blows by minute investigation and discrimination. In fighting the devil he did not think it necessary to inquire if some things might not be said in his favor. His convictions were clear and positive, his aims perfectly definite. In matters of personal duty or social reform there was to him a perfectly definite discrimination between the right and the wrong. He was not a man to think or say to his opponent, "There is probably some right on your side, but mine is on the whole best. Let us look the matter over carefully, and see if we can conserve the one-tenth of right that may be with you, and the nine-tenths that are on my side, while

we get rid of all the wrong that is left on both sides." That was not his way,—in substance he would think and say, "You are *wrong* in this matter. I *know* you are wrong, *you* know you are wrong, and you have no excuse. You must come over to the right side or I shall be compelled to oppose you to the end. There is no place for compromise." As a revivalist all unconverted persons were to him in one class, and their position and duty were alike clearly defined. They were in rebellion against God, and the one thing for them to do was to give up their opposition and submit to the divine will. His own strong will, wholly committed to the side of God, was a powerful agent in breaking down the will of others, that they might yield to the will of God. His ministry was very effective in conversions. In four of his pastorates, comprising about thirty years of his ministry, he received 488 into Church membership. In other places we know that there were revivals and large accessions to the Church, but have no record of numbers. There were usually many conversions in the schools of which he had charge. Probably it would be an estimate considerably within bounds

to say that under his ministry six hundred persons had been led into the Christian life. A strong will, dominating other wills that are weaker, may some times bring to pass apparent results that are not permanent, reaction taking place when the dominant pressure is removed,—so that statistics are no complete measure of spiritual facts, but, on the other hand, really to lead one young man or woman to the choice and acceptance of God's will as a plan of life has results which lay hold on eternity. The results of such work are not like what we see when a stone is thrown into the water, and waves of influence go out continually expanding but at the same time diminishing in force. Rather the seeds of new life and purpose implanted in the human heart increase like a choice seed of wheat, which sown once may multiply into a hundred grains, each with the same vital force in itself, and then planted again, may soon be sufficient to supply the world with food. Our brother worked with God, and his influence, taken into God's great plan, must move on through the endless ages.

As submission to God was the one thing for an unconverted man, the one thing for the con-

verted was to take the side of God against the world, and work righteousness. To the mind of Bro. Pettibone there is a war going on between good and evil, in which there is no place for neutrality. He had no sympathy with the man who is on the fence, and don't know on which side to get down. He had no sympathy with laziness or procrastination, any more than with wickedness. An earnest worker himself, work was to him an essential part of religion. Yet he was not the stern, unfeeling man whom a stranger might picture to himself from this description. He was genial and kindly in his home—a lover of children—one who loved to see real enjoyment in those about him. His work among the Freedmen showed that, in his anti-slavery principles, he was not simply a hater of wrong and oppression, but that he loved the oppressed, and desired to help them and lift them up to the true standard. So in his zeal for the temperance cause, he was not simply a fighter against the saloons and the saloon-keepers, but he pitied the victims of intemperance, and wished to save them. His last days were peaceful days, embittered by no hatred such as

a life of earnest conflict might be supposed to foster.

In the few weeks of illness that preceded his death, he showed a cheerful readiness for the coming change. Death and judgment could never seem to him anything less than of solemn importance. In his mind they were neither to be ignored nor lightly thought of; but he knew whom he had believed, and had no doubt of the better realities beyond. It was not easy for so active and earnest a worker to cease from his labors, but he believed that his Master's will was right, and he acquiesced with unhesitating faith. He was not a man of creative imagination to picture to himself the coming glory, or in mystic vision to dwell with rapture amid the unseen things. He only accepted the word as true—did his work faithfully, while there was anything to do,—waited patiently when his strength for work failed, and went cheerfully home when the Master called. May it be as well with us.

ADDRESS BY REV. HIRAM EDDY, D.D.

We are told that a frost flower grows in the Arctic region, discovered by the eminent Russian botanist, Count Swinoskoff, in the year 1853. It is very wonderful. Bursting from the eternal snows, it grows to the height of three feet, and flowers on the third day. Its stalk is one inch in diameter ; its leaves are an inch and a half in width, and are covered with infinitesimal cones of snow—the whole plant composed of snow. The flower, when fully expanded, is in shape like a perfect star. Its anthers are five in number, and on their extreme points, when mature, are to be seen trembling, and glittering like diamonds, the seeds of this marvelous flower.

Thus we find nature in all her conditions of air and earth, of water and rock, of heat and frost, propagating and rejoicing in life. Bloom, beauty, and fruitfulness are found where barrenness seems to reign.

This is true in both extremes of human life. There is a bloom and transcendent fruitage in

the smile and wonder-look of infancy : and there is, also, in a Christian old age a bloom and fruit-age even more transcendent, because a more intelligent love warms in the bloom and fruit. The frost-flower of a truly loving old age is one of the sweetest beauties of human society. It is the intense glow of the evening sun through the rifts and in the bosoms of the clouds, as he throws back his expiring glory.

But the flower of old age is unlike the frost-flower in the region of eternal snow, in that while the latter is cold to the touch, blooming, as it does, at forty degrees below zero, the former glows with a heavenly warmth 'midst the frosts of old age. And while the frost-flower is odorless as the snow-flake, the flower of old age has the fragrance of a rose garden, through which are breathing the perfumes of Paradise. And while the fruit of the snow-flower is a spicula of ice—a dead radiance—that of old age yields a fruit of sustaining power to old and young ; the fruit of precious experiences of battles and victories, of communions and near approaches to God ; fruit gathered from the tree of life ; grapes of the heavenly Eshcol, all the more delicious because gathered in old age.

When all these excellences appear and glow in the smiles, and gleam among the wrinkles of old age, it is then our faith is confirmed, and our hopes assured, for there is living and growing before us a beautiful embodiment of gospel truth. When the old pilgrim is thus made mellow and gentle, radiant and warm, ever standing still and quiet, it is then that the Christian is "bringing forth fruit in old age." It is something like the most barren of these hills bursting out, as they now do, with this wondrous laurel bloom.

So our dear departed father and brother lived and bloomed in the midst of, and way beyond the allotted period of human life, realizing, to some extent, the words of Zophar to Job: "Thine age shall rise above the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning." His presence was a benediction down to the day of his death; not a frost-flower, but a warm smile of God in our midst, whether men saw it or not.

And this is what we might naturally have expected from such a life as he lived. He was always in the midst of joyful work. He was

eminently a man of one idea ; and that idea was God and humanity. For this idea he fought his many battles, and fought them well. His love of the right and truth, brought him at an early period of his long life into the company and work of the great anti-slavery agitators and leaders. His early ministry was passed in the immediate neighborhood of some of these men, whose names will live in the history of the great struggle ;—such men as Gerrit Smith, Beriah Green, Alvin Stewart, Theodore Weld. These men were leaders in the great abolition movement in the State of New York. Our departed friend was present at that great anti-slavery convention at Utica, in 1835, when the anti-slavery society of New York was formed, in the midst of one of the greatest mobs of those stormy days—a mob led by the mayor of the city. It was a fearful time. Men's lives were in danger. It required men of pluck to stand up for the right. And thank God, there were men, aye, giants in those days. As a student in Hamilton College, nine miles away, I had gone down to attend the convention. The whole scene is stamped indelibly upon my mind. I still hear

the thunder of the mob as it approached the church where the convention was held. The doors are bolted. The excitement within is tremendous. But still the work of organization goes on. I feel the panic of the great audience. The roar of the mob comes nearer. It is now at the door. The assault is made. I hear the crash as the door gives way. At that instant the final vote had been taken, and I see Alvin Stewart's great strong hand rise above the excited throng, and hear him shout with stentorian voice: "Thank God, there is a New York Anti-Slavery Society!" Then a motion to adjourn was put, and the audience melted away, leaving the church in the possession of the mob. Our departed friend was then receiving his baptism of mud, rotten eggs, and fire. The baptism lasted until the great battle was ended. He never turned or swerved until the final victory was achieved, when the fetters fell from millions of slaves, and humanity made one more immense stride forward. Thus our dear friend saw the end of the war of words, of brick-bats and fouler missiles,—of bayonets and cannon, of imprisonments, conflagrations and assassinations. He saw the begin-

ning, he saw the end. He saw victory and honor forever emblazon truth and right.

But he did not now fold his arms in a state of rest. He was one of the first to appear among the emancipated slaves. He organized the first school for Freedmen in the City of Savannah, Georgia. He erected a school-building, and summoned me, then working in Macon, Georgia, to go down and help him dedicate the building. I found him at work with all the energy and enthusiasm of a young man.

Being thus heartily and from principle engaged during his whole life-time, in such a tremendous contest, we naturally expect the creation and growth of a sterling character, a character rounded out into a rugged and living fullness; a character abloom with truth and love. He was never idle. He had no patience with elegant idleness. He will not accept of Heaven as a place of folded arms. When the light of paradise falls upon him, as I doubt not it has already fallen, he will cry out like Paul when smitten at the gates of Damascus: "Lord what will thou have me to do?"

This is altogether the right kind of a man

to have in this world of conflicts, a man who dares to do right, and bear truth to a loftier seat ; yes,—altogether the right kind of a man to have in society. And he alone is a success, whether he dies worth his millions or not. Millionaires have died proclaiming their lives to have been failures, while the verdict of all is that this humble octogenarian has earned the reward of true success.

For more than half a century he has been a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has stood by his colors. But I need not enlarge here. The clear cut portraiture has already been given and nothing remains to be added.

He lives in two senses. The influence of his life will remain forever. We shall not be able to trace its silent and resistless working. But it has already molded many characters, and it will mold many more. Souls redeemed by the blood of Christ through his instrumentality will be ascending to heaven to greet him through coming ages. We cannot limit the influence of even a drop of water ; then how shall we limit the influence of a soul filled with divine impulses, in which the truth of Jesus has had a living home

and habitation? Then he lives in his own proper personality, and in such a sense that we shall know him whenever we shall meet him in the realms of infinite love. Ira Pettibone is somewhere to-day. He lives more completely now than ever.

Shall we know our companion in work, in the association, in the common walk of life? Yes. Oh the thrilling power of the thought that we are to recover the friends who have gone before us! Yes,—our own fathers, our mothers, our dearest ones, will wait for us in the home of the good and Christly. Let us not weep as those who have no such glorious hope. The time is near when familiar faces, familiar hands, all transfigured, will welcome us into the many mansions.

I think our departed father and brother would adopt the last stanza of Mrs. Browning's
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Ah friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath has gone from me,
 And around my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one most loving of you all,
 Say: 'Not a tear must o'er him fall,
 He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

HIS HOME LIFE.

BY HIS CHILDREN.

While the sterling qualities of our father's character—his conscientiousness and uncompromising adherence to principle, in small matters as well as great,—were no less manifest in his home life than in his intercourse with the outside world, there were other characteristics best known to those who were nearest him. He loved wife and children with all the force of his strong nature, and considered no effort too great to promote their welfare and happiness. He was a very tender father, and toward his wife ever manifested a chivalrous courtesy and devoted affection. When the beloved wife, who had been his most trusted friend and counsellor for thirty years, was taken from him, the very foundations of his life seemed broken up. Although he met this bereavement with submission to the will of God, and with a calm cheerfulness which was a constant marvel to us who knew how closely the two lives had been knit together, his strength visibly failed, and he made few plans for the

future. At this time, when his hold upon earth seemed thus loosening, the call to aid in organizing educational work among the Freedmen, roused him to a fresh interest in life and a new activity; but more than ever it was God's work, not his own, he wanted to do.

In his later years he grew more and more to a larger charity toward all men. Himself relaxing nothing of his strict conscientiousness, he became more tolerant of differing opinions, and more lenient in his judgment of offenders. There was a gradual softening and sweetening of his whole nature, until his very presence in the home seemed a benediction.

During the active portion of his life, he often expressed the wish that he might "die in the harness," saying, that he would much rather "wear out than rust out." The realization of this wish was denied him, but no murmur or word of complaint did he utter, and it was delightful to see how beautifully and gracefully he grew old, until at last, "like a shock of corn fully ripe," he was safely garnered. His body, borne tenderly by his children and grandchildren, was laid by the side of his wife in the beautiful cemetery at Nor-

folk, in a place they had together selected for their burial, and which, ever since her death, he has lovingly cared for.

The following extracts from a few of the letters received by his family since his death, indicate some of his characteristics, as they presented themselves to friends who, at different periods of his life, had known him intimately :

From Rev. John De Peu, of Norfolk.

Your note, with its tidings of joy to your father and of sorrow to us, came this evening. All of us who were associated with your father in the Christian ministry, revered him, and will greatly miss his wise and kindly counsels.

Rev. W. H. Moore, of Hartford, writes :

* * * For more than forty years he has commanded my respect and affection as a devoted minister of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and now is fulfilled to him the promise : "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." My father died at 41 ; be thankful that your father was spared so long.

Rev. J. G. W. Cowles, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes :

It is Edward Rowland Hill, who calls Death "God's gentlest angel," and I think he is never more so than when he takes an aged saint like your father by the hand, and conducts him to immortality and eternal youth. The generation of our fathers is departed, and we hasten to follow them. And so it is that God holds our treasures in Heaven, that our hearts may be there also.

Mr. W. D. Walcott, of New York Mills (where Mr. Pettibone had formerly been a pastor), and who had known him intimately for more than fifty years, writes :

The afflictive dispensation, in the decease of one of the *Saints* (your revered father), has come. There are many interested in the good man, and not a few hereabouts, and none more than my own family. The writer always remembers him with love and gratitude. He was to me like a father, especially in the line of spiritual things. He was a blessing to his kind.

From Prof. Wm. H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University.

What a pleasant memory it will be to know that your father has passed thus quietly to rest, rich in years and in good works ! His was a character of unusual nobility and well directed energy—a life beneficent to his fellow-men, many of whom will cherish his memory and recall his exemplary walk and his good deeds.

From Rev. Samuel B. Forbes, Hartford, Conn.

I greatly desire to attend the funeral of your father—dear man ! I knew he was running down, but his death brings a shock to me. Much I loved him. Most fatherly and kind was he to me. Many an encouraging word has he spoken to me when I was in sorrow and darkness.

But he has gone home. His spirit was of the heavenly sort, and he will move right on without any of the hamperings of earth. He will do Heaven good when he becomes

known to the throng around the throne. Blessed be God for giving to earth a few such witnesses for Christ. I will mourn with you on the human side, but my rejoicing is full when I think of his exaltation. The Lord give you all much comfort in his memory and in his future. Let us follow on in the same way till we come to those joys which are prepared for the saints.

MEMORIAL.

MRS. LOUISA WELCH, wife of REV. IRA PETTIBONE, was born in Norfolk, Conn., on the 28th of March, 1801. On the evening of the 8th of April, 1865, after a very short sickness of extreme suffering, obeying the call of her Savior, she entered into rest. The incidents and characteristics of her early life, with perhaps one exception, are not peculiar. From her earliest years, truthfulness was a prominent trait in her character, and was most fully developed in all subsequent life. Her word was always perfectly reliable, as stating simple truth; and nothing was added or withheld for embellishment. Her pupils, and especially her own children, well remember how frequently and earnestly she was wont to press home the great duty of being always truthful. Forty-seven years ago, under the pastoral instruction of Rev. RALPH EMERSON, D. D., she was made the hopeful subject of converting grace, and entered into covenant with the people of God, connecting herself with the Congregational Church in her native town. From this period, for many years, she devoted herself to study and teaching, completing her course of study in the Seminary at Hartford, then under the care of Miss CATHERINE BEECHER and her sister HARRIET (now Mrs. Stowe). To the business of teaching, she gave herself up with great assiduity; calling into requisition the full energies of a mind well balanced and thoroughly disciplined, with a full purpose, in her chosen profession, to secure success and usefulness. The result proved that her aim was not deceptive. In illustration and tact for interesting the young, she displayed unusual skill, so that her lessons of instruction were seldom forgotten. Many a faltering and discouraged child has felt her kind persuasive power, to rouse and encourage until all difficulties vanished, and the path to successful accomplishment became plain and easy.

But her greatest worth and highest usefulness were seen in her daily walk, and life efforts, as a wife and mother. In the former of these relations she was eminently considerate, circumspect, tender and loving, most happily exhibiting the scripture pattern of a wife in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust. For more than thirty years, with skill and great acceptance, she most cheerfully performed the difficult and often very trying duties of a Pastor's wife. She not only sustained and encouraged her husband at home, in preparation for his pastoral and public labors when his heart was ready to faint, thereby helping greatly to increase his usefulness—but abroad, among the people, and in associations for benevolent purposes, she lent a ready and a willing hand, so as to gain the confidence and esteem of all. It is not known that among all the people in the different fields of her husband's pastoral labors, any were ever heard to utter a word of censure, or speak to her discredit.

As a mother, her wisdom and excellence could escape the notice of none, whose acquaintance gave opportunity to observe. Her children were objects of most engrossing love and care. No effort, however great or exhausting, was considered too severe, provided it promised to contribute to their happiness and usefulness. Still she so influenced and controlled

her children. We are glad to contribute to their happiness and usefulness. Still she so influenced and controlled her children that she was able to do so.

with something important, or at least, innocent, to do, was a chief aim. Another rule—never to allow a child to gain a point by crying—lent its blessed aid in the great work of controlling her children. Their early conversion, too, was with her an object of constant desire and prayerful effort, and she lived to see them all profess their faith in Christ. The young were always looked upon by her with deep interest and special hope, and her prayers and efforts for their early conversion were unremitted. To a heart thus influenced, the house of God and the social prayer meeting, (as we should expect) were exceedingly precious. Nothing but manifest duty, or the sternest necessity, ever left her seat vacant. Even when few could assemble, she felt assured that her Savior would be present, with but two or three; and this assurance rendered the place of prayer especially attractive. Her ruling desire seemed for deeper humility and a larger measure of holiness.

An earnest friend of the poor, she was ever ready to do what she could to forward plans for their relief. She took special interest in the Ladies' Benevolent Society; considering it highly useful, both as a *means* of sending help to the needy, and of cultivating christian cordiality and mutual good feeling in community. From its meetings she was rarely absent; and during her last illness spoke of work she had intended to do for the Missionary Box. In the work of revivals of religion at home, and of Missions among the destitute in heathen lands, she ever manifested the deepest interest, and earnestly sought to promote them both by prayer and effort.

In her last sickness, much of the time she suffered extreme pain, yet not a murmur or complaint was uttered. It seemed a great source of comfort to her that Christ said—"I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am there ye may be also." On hearing that passage read by her son, she said: "Yes, Christ will not even send an Angel. He will come *himself*, and receive his children." At one time she said: "My trust is in the merits of Christ *alone*—not in anything that I have done." She frequently repeated the expression, "I have a strong hope in Christ." To her son, who came home the day before her death, she said: "Jesus is precious"—"I shall soon have done with sin"—"I long to go." Such assurance and trust in her Savior, expressed in her last hours, serve not only to comfort her bereaved friends, but also to strengthen and confirm the *higher, richer* testimony she left them, of a whole life spent in the service of Christ. At ten o'clock, on Saturday evening, she passed peacefully away to those joys on high that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. On the following Tuesday, funeral services were held. Rev. JOSEPH ELDRIDGE, D. D., of Norfolk, pronounced a most interesting and comforting memorial discourse, from Prov. 31 : 10. Rev. F. A. SPENCER, of Ferryville, Rev. H. EDDY, of Winsted, and Rev. FREDERICK MARSH, of Winchester, shared in the services. And the last named, a man of more than four-score, had performed, in 1830, the marriage ceremony, uniting the two now separated by death. Her remains were interred in the Family Ground in Norfolk, near the dust of her kindred, there to rest till the morning of the Resurrection. "Even so, them also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

.. Himself hath done it. Then I fain would say,

Thy will, in all things, evermore be done;

E'en though that will remove whom best I love,

While Jesus lives, I cannot be alone."



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